Went through the armie chearing vp the ſouldiers.
King. So I am ſatisfied, giue me a bowle of wine,
I haue not that alacritie of ſpirit,
Nor cheare of mind that *I* was wont to haue:
Set it downe. *Is* ynke and paper readie?
Rat. It is my Lord.
King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me.
Ratliffe about the mid of night come to my tent,
And helpe to arme me: leaue me *I* ſay. *Exit Ratliffe.*
Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.
Dar. Fortune and victorie ſit on thy helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
Be to thy perſon, noble father in lawe,
Tell me how fares our noble mother?
Dar. *I* by atturney bleſſe thee from thy mother,
Who praies continually for Richmonds good,
So much for that, the ſilent houres ſteale on,
And flakie darkneſſe breakes within the Eaſt,
In briefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloodie ſtrokes and mortall ſtaring warre,
I as *I* may, that which *I* would I cannot,
With beſt aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull ſhocke of armes:
But on thy ſide *I* may not bee too forward,
Leſt being ſeene, thy brother tender George,
Be executed in thy fathers ſight.
Farwell, the leiſure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ſeremonious vows of loue,
And ample enterchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundred friends ſhould dwell vpon,
God giue vs leiſure for theſe rights of loue,
Once more adue, be valiant and ſpeed well.
Rich. Good Lord conduct him to his regiment:
Ile ſtriue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Leſt leaden ſlumber peiſe me downe to morrow,
When *I* ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen. *Exeunt.*
O thou whoſe captaine *I* account my ſelfe, Looke

Looke on my fo
Put in their han
That they may
The vſurping h
Make vs thy mi
That we may p
To thee I do co
Ere *I* let fall the
Sleeping and w
Enter the
Ghoſt to K. Ri
Thinke how th
At *T*eukesbury
To Rich. Be ch
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Poore Clarence
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To Rich. *T*ho
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Riu. Let me ſ
Riuers that died
Gray. Thinke
Vaugh. Think
Let fall thy laun